

# SONGS *of the* WAR

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BY T. HODGSON

1917

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Thomas Hodgson

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# SONGS OF THE WAR



*By* T. HODGSON



PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR, 1917

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OFT DEFEATED, YET WINS.



“Has e'er the British Lion been defeated?”

“Oh, Yes! and many, many times,  
And has been mauled and mauled and badly treated,  
But never squealed, and never whines;  
And if he fought a war and did not gain  
But lost his fangs and teeth and claws and mane,  
He never, never knew it,  
But fought and fought, all heedless of the pain,  
Until they had the time to grow again,  
And in the last round won it”

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*To those who are working for King and Country  
and for the proper and efficient relief and support  
for the men in the trenches, this volume is dedicated,  
and we trust that it will be of no small service in  
their hands.*





## *PREFACE.*



*If this small volume helps in but a small way to inspire and unite the people to greater efforts and determination to face the Titanic struggle yet ahead of them to secure that victory which the Allied Powers desire, the object of its publication will have been achieved and also justified.*

*Nanaimo, B. C., November 26th, 1917.*

*The Author.*





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## BRITAIN STILL WILL OCEANS RULE.



The maps of lands may change and change,  
And kings may rise and rule and fall,  
E'en lakes and streams so lose their names  
That none can e'er their names recall,  
And flags all new can be unfurled  
And races sway, then droop and rot,  
E'en races may decline and die  
And be by Time's rough hand forgot,  
Yet Britons will a free-born people be,  
And for the good of all will rule the sea.

### CHORUS:

Tho' states may rise and states may fall,—  
No dynasty can rule forever;  
And change may come to men and tongues,  
But to the British sea map, Never!



The maps of Europe will be changed,  
And that of far Africa, too,  
Some states will force a wider range  
And some by war be cut in two,  
But still will Britain rule the sea  
No matter who may press her fall,  
And she'll e'er rule because she's just  
And rules but for the good of all—  
Being conscious of her kinship to her kind,  
So for the good of all she is resigned.

CHORUS:

August 15th, 1914.

## THE HUMBLING OF THE HUN.



The Prussian king has drawn his sword,  
And pointed high his freighted guns,  
And Belge has felt the footsteps fall,  
Of even they, the savage Huns;  
And has been laid a bleeding waste;  
And sighs and sorrows not alone,  
For kindred lands have been debased,  
By Hun with heart of pulseless stone.

He speared the Frenchman for the heart,  
To spill the vital flood therein,  
And crushed in all some countless skulls,  
His vile and Hell-schemed plans to win;  
And reached far out to meet the sun,  
To level elder Poland down;  
And sought the confines of the Bear,  
To push his sword and Prussian crown.

And has old Turkey by the throat,  
And fed her long on shot and shell,  
And made for Hun a bomb-proof home,  
On Bosphorous and Dardanelle;  
And scanned across the Western waves,  
And at their honored ruler snarls,  
But Britain's flag on every wave,  
Now all his planned invasions bars.

We thought him civilized and fit.  
To sit and rule in high estate,  
So welcomed him on sea and shore,  
And opened every door and gate;  
But he loves more the trench and shell,  
Than peaceful fields of flowering green,  
So answers welcome with a hell  
Of bombs from cloud and submarine.

He wings above or dives below,  
A croaking crow or crawling crab,  
And tears up pacts on paper writ,  
That he may sword-defile and grab;  
Then, let us take his every gun,  
And teach this haughty, warring lord,  
That solemn pacts with lesser powers,  
Are greater things than shell and sword.

October, 1915.

## THE "CONTEMPTIBLE" TOMMY.



*A poem founded on that momentous time in the history of the present war when the German Army had been defeated at the battle of the Marne and prevented from reaching Paris. The Kaiser then in his wrath and hatred against the British, because their intervention had brought about his defeat, ordered his army to march on Calais and "Drive England's contemptible little army into the sea."*

The Kaiser as a God did once appear  
And made it to a gaping world quite clear  
That he, and he alone, was God's right hand,  
So did his countless warring hosts command,  
And bade them march and ope' a way, that he  
Could reach and capture Paris and Calais;  
But soon they met the British Tommy,  
E'en that "Contemptible" British Tommy,  
Whom the Prussian Kaiser did despise,  
Who gave the Prussian arms a great surprise.



CHORUS:

Hurrah! Hurrah! for the British Tommy,  
E'en that "Contemptible" British Tommy,  
Who wrecked the crown of Prussian Majesty  
When it pushed down to Paris and Calais.

Both Frank and Briton, no one can deny,  
To plan, they did with one another vie,  
A grand reception, if he wandered down,  
That would have been a credit to the town;  
And straightway, too, his soldiers did obey,  
But right across the path and in the way  
They met the blooming British Tommy,  
E'en that "Contemptible" British Tommy,  
The Tommy that the Kaiser did despise,  
Who gave the Prussian arms a great surprise.

And when he saw his petted schemes all crushed,  
His haughty mien was humbled in the dust,  
For all his arms could not a pathway free  
Nor drive impeding Tommy to the sea,  
And found no way for His High Majesty  
To either much-loved Paris or Calais,  
Because they met the British Tommy,  
E'en that "Contemptible," blooming Tommy,  
The Tommy that the Kaiser did despise,  
Who gave the haughty Kaiser a surprise.

To less than man the "Superman" is down,  
And his great eminence has lost its crown,  
And too his king, who was more God than man,  
Has been defeated in his petted plan,  
And now has got no chance to rule the world  
By either sword or gun or potent word,  
Because he met the British Tommy,  
E'en that "Contemptible," blooming Tommy,  
The Tommy that His Highness did despise,  
And gave the mighty Kaiser a surprise.

Your Majesty, to whom but ninnies nod,  
E'en you, who pose as equal to your God,  
Come, marshal all your countless forces down,  
Through scattered hamlet and the busy town,  
Unto that ancient city called Calais,  
And view the British Coast across the sea.  
There is nothing in your way but Tommy,  
E'en that "Contemptible" British Tommy,  
He, whom Your Highness doth so much despise,  
And he will give you, Sir, a great surprise.

#### CHORUS:

Hurrah! Hurrah! for the British Tommy,  
E'en that "Contemptible" British Tommy,  
Who wrecked the crown of Prussian Majesty  
When it pushed down to Paris and Calais.

# WE WILL DRINK THE WATERS OF THE RHINE.

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The Belge has felt the Prussians' heavy hand,  
And felt the forces of his "kultur" wand,  
So now is scattered far and wide and bleeds,  
A victim of the Prussian bully's needs;  
But we will drink the waters of the Rhine,  
And, too, in Berlin City we will dine,  
And there will teach the Prussian lord that Right  
Is greater than his Monarch's greatest Might.

Old Serbe has felt the pressing of his heel,  
And Turk, in friendship, has been made to feel  
The mighty pressure of the Prussian power;  
But Time will birth an all-redeeming hour;  
For we will drink the waters of the Rhine,  
And, too, in Berlin City we will dine,  
And there will teach the Prussian lord that Right  
Is greater than his Monarch's greatest might.

"Lusitania Crimson" is a dye  
That fadeth not with age and times defy,  
And has bestirred a mighty tidal wave  
That sure will dig the Prussian braggart's grave;

For we will drink the waters of the Rhine,  
And, too, in Berlin City we will dine,  
And there will teach the Prussian lord that Right  
Is greater than his Monarch's greatest might.

Brave Captain Fryatt's death would cause alarm,  
But still the blood of Nurse Cavell is warm  
And freely flows in every British vein,  
And shall not strength bestow nor flow in vain;  
For we will drink the waters of the Rhine,  
And, too, in Berlin City we will dine,  
And there will teach the Prussian lord that Right  
Is greater than his Monarch's greatest might.

We yet will make the haughty lords say, "Please,"  
And bring the Prussian Kaiser to his knees,  
And will the fettered wings of Justice free,  
And give the Belge and Serbe their Liberty;  
For we will drink the waters of the Rhine,  
And, too, in Berlin City we will dine,  
And there will teach the Prussian lord that RIGHT  
Is greater than his Monarch's greatest MIGHT.

August 7th, 1916.



## THE LION'S AWAKENING.



Yea! after years of patient toil  
By those endowed with powers of state,  
Assisted by the bombs' recoil  
That thundered at the Nation's gate,  
And with the grip of submarine  
Begirt around his Island home,  
And aerial craft on nights serene  
Disturbed his peace with aerial storm,  
And tales of crimes in neighb'or's lands  
Came circling down the air-kissed mast,  
And foreign keel disturbs his sands,  
The British Lion awakes at last.

---

To stretch his limbs much time he'll need,  
For he has long in slumber lain,  
But, when he gets again his speed  
And shaken out his matted mane,  
And he has sharpened to his choice  
Each fang, each tooth and blunted claw,  
And he has got again his voice  
That has oft scared a blatant foe,  
And when he has begird his strength  
Let evil rulers then beware,  
For he can fight to any length  
When the oppressed do need his care.

In peaceful slumber he's at ease,  
And will not injure friend or foe,  
But naught can aught his wrath appease  
If man or Freedom has a foe;  
A matchless will is but his will  
Which can upon his strength rely,  
So, when he strikes, he strikes to kill,  
And always fights to win or die;  
War with the Lion is all war,  
So let the foes of Freedom pray  
For Lions all retreats debar  
And never, never stand at bay!

August, 1917.

## WHAT SHALL THE VICTORY BE?



The greatest bulwark to protect  
A citadel with armed defense;  
The strength of fort and parapet,  
And depth and length of winding trench;  
The gun that can the furthest send  
Its deadly powers and breaths of hell;  
The length of sword that can depend  
On bravest men to men repel;  
The strongest port and greatest fleet;  
The reddest blood and strongest arm,  
And greatest strength to strength defeat,  
When men rival in war's alarm;  
Are, perhaps, the heritage, but shall it be  
That they alone will form the Victory?

---

Such ponderous things may oft prevent  
The spread of devastating greed  
Where savagery is not all spent,  
Or men a greater freedom need;  
And may be needed to chastise  
The plunderer of human right,  
When Selfishness with powers arise  
To kill the soul's God-given light;  
But, all the powers of both the great and free,  
Are not all wrapped in enforced Victory!

Whene'er the Kaiser learns and knows  
That other kings have swords and guns,  
And have by thought-befurrowed brows,  
And reddest blood pervades their sons,  
That they can fight for right alone  
And bleed and die for Liberty,  
And will no heritage attorn  
By either force or knavery;  
And when he sees their might upon  
The battle-gore bespattered sod,  
And learns that, by the sword and song,  
The Allies have the greatest God;  
Then men will hope that men will still be free,  
The first great hope of coming Victory.

---

And when his men in high estate,  
Who think they rule by right of birth,  
Have learned in spite of cultured hate,  
That others live and rule on earth  
Who can defend their rights and home  
To any depth and furthest length;  
And learns that comradeship to own  
Is greater than their greatest strength,  
And, that, among the evils wrought,  
The sacredness of pledge or word  
Is, at the bar of human thought,  
E'er greater than the gun or sword;  
'Tis then that men will all begin to see  
The signs of fast approaching Victory.

And, when the Prussian mother knows  
Her son has wandered o'er the Rhine  
And been beyond the Vosges' snows  
And there has wrought full many a crime;  
And there has killed some manly sons,  
And shot the maiden, too, on sight,  
And forced a path with gas and guns,  
And crushed the infant with his might;  
And trampled on the rights of those  
Who had the right in peace to live—  
E'er treating men and things as foes—  
And took that which he could not give;  
But e'er he grasps the total rights  
Of state or parent, son or maid—  
And at the shrine of Avarice  
He has man's sovereign tribute paid—  
She sure will learn he can't control  
The destinies of other climes,  
And will be conscious in her soul,  
His victories are naught but crimes;  
If this is in the coming Victory,  
We shall have Peace and Nations will be Free.

October 16th, 1917.



## HEY! SLACKER.



Will you like to pay the war debt  
That this great war will bring,  
Then Hock the Prussian Kaiser  
And have Hun songs to sing?

Will you like to be a ninny  
From which the von can draw  
The muscle for his labor  
And all his needed dough?

Will you like to be the slavey,  
With no ascending star,  
Who has to do the bidding  
Of Kaiser or a Czar?

Will you like to be lone bearing  
A military load  
That gives no better living  
Than as a burdened toad?

Will you like to learn the "goose step"  
And wear its uniform,  
And shoots Cavells and Fryatts  
Each rosy-fingered morn?

Will you like to seize a maiden  
Because a von commands,  
And send her into slavery  
To sate a brute's demands?

Will you like to be a sailor  
Down in a submarine  
A shooting off topedoes,  
Then watch the troubled scene?

---

Oh! But you do shake and shudder!  
Yet not with the delight  
Of the brightness of the future—  
Say! Won't you go and fight?

## THE PRUSSIAN "SUPERMAN."



The "Superman" has been by war  
Exposed to human gaze,  
And has been robbed of vaunted powers  
By but the common rays.

We've seen his actions in the fight  
When striving for All-power,  
And seen his actions unrestrained  
In victory's glorious hour.

And all the hardness of his heart  
Is very real indeed,  
And but a thrill to help the wronged  
Is very much his need.

With him the mother or a child  
Is as a common fly,  
And all the feeble and the aged  
Are pushed aside to die.

He will the milk from babies steal,  
And see them starve to death,  
And take the food from those not strong  
Who dug and tilled the earth.

And for a pillow for the sick  
He offers but a stone,  
And but to see them in distress  
He takes them from their own.

He, too, can feed in lust and see  
Starvation stalk the land,  
And hear of want from hungry lips  
And lend no helping hand.

To those who are not Prussian Huns  
He will dark evils plan,  
For no one has the right to live  
But he, the "Superman."

And he, in travail great, a brand  
New "Kultur" has devised;  
Yet he who is not Prussian born  
But feels its force and dies.

He's "Super" only in his greed  
And in barbarity,  
And shows no trait of manliness  
That is not savagery.

For knavery, deceit and lies  
He is the very seed,  
And where he rules supreme you do  
No other Devil need.

This is the "Superman" that wants  
To make the world a hell,  
And thinks he has from God a plan  
All wrapped within a shell.



## TO-DAY'S THE DAY!



With but the Kaiser as his tool  
We have Satanic rule on earth,  
For he's declared that Force shall rule  
And given Prussian "Kultur" birth;  
And doth with cruel knavery,  
No quarters to the feeble give,  
And forced the strong to slavery  
That Prussian "Kultur" may but live,  
So, will you fight, or be but slaves?  
Being free, you can all choose To-day,  
And countless babes will fill but graves  
If you for long to fight delay.

### CHORUS:

When Prussian "Kultur" has you in its power,  
And holds your life and future in its might,  
And sounds the knell of Freedom's dying hour,  
It then will be too late to say you'll fight!

To-day's the day to clothe your limbs  
With welshed boots and khaki cloth,  
To-morrow holds some darker sins  
If you've not felt the Nation's wrath,

And if you have not yet begun,  
And cannot shoot, you yet can try;  
To-day's the day to get your gun  
And hit the target in the eye;  
Say, youth! shall all the future sting  
With conscience and a woman's scorn  
Because you did but serve your King  
By keeping trim your mother's lawn?

CHORUS:

To-day's the day to marshal forth  
And stem the rushing German tide—  
The victory of to-morrow doth  
Within to-day's good fighting hide;  
To-day's the day you say you're free,  
So it's the day to Freedom save,  
For but to-morrow you may be  
A vassal and a German slave;  
Your kin of old all fought "To-day,"  
So hence they did the future own,  
And it's to-day for you to say  
Whose flag will be tomorrow flown.

CHORUS:

To-day's the day for you to say  
Who shall the future rulers be,

To-day's the day for you to say  
Who shall to-morrow rule the sea;  
To-day's the day to stop the Hun  
From breaking down the guarding gate,  
So it's the day to use your gun,  
To-morrow p'rhaps will be too late;  
Huns cannot grab your purse to-day,  
But, then, to-morrow may be his,  
So let there be no more delay  
In making shells and bullets whiz.

CHORUS:

The Belge and Serbs have fell a prey  
Unto his force and iron hand,  
And, unrestrained, he p'haps some day,  
Upon your own loved hearth will stand,  
For, once he owns the tidal sands,  
And ocean's vaster waves control,  
He'll reap the harvest of your lands  
And sap the lustre of your soul.  
So, up to-day and stem the flood!  
And every peace advance repel  
Till's won the land that drank the blood  
And holds the bones of Nurse Cavell.

CHORUS:

October 22nd, 1917.

## WHY YOU SHOULD FIGHT.



“Why should I fight for Britain?  
Why should I fight in France?  
Why should I fight in Belgium?  
Or to a sailor’s hornpipe dance?”

“Why should you fight for Britain!  
Why should you fight for France!  
Why should you fight for Belgium!  
Or to a sailor’s hornpipe dance!  
Do pardon, but I thought you knew,  
That they are fighting, Sir, for YOU.  
Take England—your mother’s very lap—  
And France and Belgium from the map,  
And you—you would have been a tool  
Within the hands of Prussian rule—  
A Prussian vassal and a slave,  
And longing for a slacker’s grave;  
A victim of a quickened soul  
That cannot sleep nor times control,  
E’er wishing you had fought for Britain,  
E’er wishing you had fought for France,  
And wishing you had fought for Belgium,  
Or could a sailor’s hornpipe dance;

So you'll agree, for to be free,  
Both on the land and on the sea,  
That you must fight for Britain,  
That you must fight in France,  
And you must fight in Belgium  
Or to a sailor's hornpipe dance."



## PRUSSIAN "KULTUR."



This Prussian "Kultur" is, without a doubt,  
The crowning nightmare of the age,  
And is the biggest and the blackest blot  
That e'er besmeared long history's page.

It doth the vision of its zealots warp,  
So that, when'er they look around  
On all the other nations of the earth,  
They look through lens but Devil ground.

To be a honored master of its creed,  
You need no heart but one of stone,  
That sees but gladness in the falling tear,  
And naught but pleasures in a groan.

It thinks all prayer a weakness of the race,  
And in all bargains hide a trap,  
And every pact, made sacred with a seal,  
As nothing but a paper scrap.

To it all Love and Reason is unknown,  
And Sympathy is sure a crime;  
So, Force is but the power that e'er it wields,  
To crush in man all that's Divine.

Its votaries steal by day and steal by night,  
And seek not wealth in labor's course,  
But plunder from the fruits of others' toil,  
And know no law but that of Force.

And will to naught but unto pressure yield,  
Then Force must drive it back to hell;  
So, Light and Freedom and the human race  
Have no salvation but the shell.

The Shell! The Shell!! Do bring me here the shell,  
And seal my heart within a stone  
Until the Prussian "Kultur" has been slain,  
And Hell of Hells has back its own.

## THE SLACKER AND HIS INTERRUPTER.



*An incident in the closing part of a slacker's harangue on the street corner, who answered all interruptions to his remarks by crying, "Peace," and what came of it.*

"Peace!" "Hush! Can't you hear the watchman  
call,  
And sound upon his horn,  
That hogs are in the garden  
And bulls are in the corn?"

"Peace!" "If you will not come and help,  
Do, pray, be silent, please—  
A fox is in the barnyard  
And killing ducks and geese."

"Peace! Peace!" "Pray, if you will not fight,  
Do cry not for retreat—  
The mice are in the larder  
And spoiling all the meat."

But still he cried, "Peace! Peace!!" "Pray, hush,  
Your cries but give a pain,  
Since rats are in the storehouse  
And eating all the grain.

"Sir, would you like the crashing bull,  
The smasher of the fence,  
And rooting hogs and foxes  
To rule for ever hence?

"And would you like your sheep to be  
Beneath the wolves' control,  
And mice and rats keep gnawing  
Forever at your soul?

"When bulls are from the meadows cleared,  
And gardens cleared of hogs,  
And wolves all killed or scattered,  
And lambs are dug from bogs;

"When mice and rats have all been trapped,  
And peace surrounds the geese,  
'Tis then, and not till then—you Slacker!—  
That we can talk of Peace."

Just then he from his soap box saw  
This soul-bestirring sight:  
A thief drop from a window,  
Which made the slacker fight.

About the ducks and geese and stores  
He did not ask nor quiz,  
Nor for the corn and garden—  
You see, they were not his!

Nor asked he of the lambs that sank  
Within the bog's soft rim,  
But fought about that house, sir,  
For it belonged to him.



















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